NEW BOOKS.

The Last Journals of David Livingstone.

Wonderful Preservation of His Papers.

His Wanderings-The Land of the Sokos-Meeting with Stanley.

HIS LAST JOURNEY AND DEATH.

African Traits and Superstitions-The Typical Negro.

CHATS ABOUT THE NOVELISTS

"Edith's Mistake"—"Lost for Love"—"In Honor Bound "-" The Wilds of London."

"The Last Journals of David Livingstone." pubhshed in London by John Murray, and shortly to appear in this country from the press of Harper Brothers, is a work of extraordinary interest. The American edition will be published by direct arrangement with Dr. Livingstone's family, who, in addition to a large sum paid in advance, will

receive the usual percentage on the sales. Dr. Livingstone is the grandest figure in the long annals of African exploration and discovery. He was of true heroic mould, brave, but not covetous of danger for the sake of displaying bravery, strong of heart and firm of purpose. An fron constitution carried him through years of hardship and privation, and had the relief afforded by the arrival of Stanley at Ujiji reached him a year earlier, before accumulating allments had broken down his though they could not subdue his will, it is probable that he would have lived to complete the great journey which he had planned to the unexplored region lying west of the Lualana R ver, where he believed the sources of the Nile would be found. But though not permitted to look with his own eyes upon the mysterious springs of the great river of Egypt he died in the belief that his feet touched the very threshold of their biding place, and that some more favored traveller in the immediate future, following in his lootsteps, ould be note to solve the problem which from the mays of Sesostris until now has baffled human energy. He had the happiness to know that the papers transmitted to London through Mr. Stanley contained all the most important points of his discoveries, including his theory of the Nile sources; but every feeling heart must regret that his dying moments were not cheered by the certainty that every scrap of his journals, maps and sketches would be carried in safety to the coast by his prave and devoted servants, and that not a scratch of pen or pencil would be tost. This circumstance is really wonderful, when we consider the fact that Livingstone died in a that his men had to make their way back to the coast through the territory of superstitious and hostlie tribes. In spite of Tyndall, it looks as if an "overruling Providence" had directed their steps and ordered their way. These journals contained a record of almost every day of the traveller's life for more than six years, from his landing at Zan-Fibar, in 1865, until four days before his death. His enstom was always to have metallic note books in se, in which the day's doings were jotted down. When time and opportunity served, these memoranda were copied into a larger volume. During the last three or four years of his life Manyuema country he ran out or note books, ink and pencils, and had to resort to soifts which at first made it a very debatable point wnether the most diligent attempt at debooks as remained at this period of his travels were utilized to the last theh of paper. In some of them are found lunar observations, the names of rivers and the heights of hills advancing toward the middle from one end, while from the other the Prinerary grows day by day, interspersed with map made drawings. But in the meantime the middle tions, private memoranda, words intended for vocabularies and extracts from books, while here and there the stain of a pressed leaf causes indis tinctness; yet the thread of the parrative runs constantly repeating the month and year obviates hopeless confusion. Nor is this ail; for at length pocket books gave out, and old newspapers, yellow with African damp, were sewn together, and his notes were written across the lines of type with a substitute for ink made from the juice of a tree. The laborious task of deciphering this portion of the journal was only accomplished with the assistance of a strong mag-Difying glass by persons who were thoroughly famillar with the traveller's handwriting. On comparing this great mass or material with the journal entrusted to Mr. Stanley's care it was found that a great deal of interesting matter could be In the hurry of writing and copying de-

the end of April, 1873. These daily notes, printed exactly as they were written, give a far better idea of Livingstone as tabled from the most finished parrative. Extending over a period of more than seven years, they Wall in simple, sometimes in broken, words the Jopes, disappointments and results of his last finished work, intended for the public eye, we might have missed those heartwrung expressions of devotional thought or of a weariness well nigh unto death which make the journal at times unspeakably touching. Livingstone was not a literary artist, and had he lived to elaborate his journals many of their most interesting traits would have disappeared.

spatches previous to his companion's departure

much as time permitted. Fortunately he pre-

served the original note books, which were saved

with his other effects after his death. In fact, we

have not to deplore the loss, by accident or care

lessness, of a single entry, from the time of Liv

ingstone's departure from Zanzibar in the be-

ginning of 1866 to the day when his note book

dropped from his hand in the village of liaia at

Dr. Livingstone wrote up from his note

It is sad to know that disaster tollowed Living. stone from the start. His Sepoy escort proved to be wortniess; his medicine chest was stolen; his camels and donkeys died from the sting of the terrible tsetse fly. The goods sent forward to Unit, were plundered and scattered before his arfil/al at that station. He seems to have made a great mistake in choosing the long and round-River and Lake Nyassa, in preference to the shorter and more direct caravan road by which most o his goods were sent. By so doing he needlessly, it appears, subjected himself to a thousand hardships and annoyances. He was constantly har. assed by the misconduct of his carriers and weakened by the exnaustion of a long and dreary march through regions of forest and morass. The nations as a rule were friendly; but as they knew but little of agriculture and lived chiefly on mushrooms, flavored on great festival occasions with sauce of putrid elephant, he was unable to obtain supplies of food, and suffered constantly from hunger. The loss of his medicine chest was a great misfortune. He had no quintne, the only saleguard against African fever, and suffered so severely in consequence that sometimes he became insensible cles of his back lost all power and there

was an incessant singing in his ears. Never-

traveller. He discovered and explored Lake Moero westward from the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, and then went to the town of Casembe, a once famous kingdom, which had been visited in olden times by Portuguese traders. The people of this region appeared to be more savage than any he had yet seen, and the chief was a monster of cruelty. He was constantly attended by his executioner, who carried a broad, uglylooking sword, and a curious, scissors-like instrument for cropping ears, a mode of punishment in which the despots of Casembe greatly delight. The Prime Minister had been despoiled of his ears for some offence, and no man in the country felt secure from this unpleasant mode of mutilation-Great numbers of the chief's principal men had been punished in this way. "I could not," says Livingstone, "avoid indulging a prejudice against

While at Casembe Livingstone heard of a new lake, called by the natives Bangweolo, lying to the south, and made a journey to its shores. This made the fifth and last great lake discovered by Dr. Livingstone, the others being Ngami, Shirwa, Nyassa and Moero. He then returned to Tanganyika, and proceeded to Ujiji, where he found that the stores and medicines which had been forwarded from Zanzibar had been plundered and scattered, thing had been made away with. It was now the middle of March, 1869. He was suffering from sickness and disappointment, and at times be-heved he should never regain his health. Yet he vast unknown country, Manyuema, lying west of rivers and lakes, peopled by savage tribes, in some of which cannibalism prevails to the extent of eating enemies slain in war. One of the cannibals admitted to Livingstone, however, that buman flesh was disagreeable; it made one dream of the man who was eaten.

THE SOKOS.

In this region Livingstone found the soko—a species of chimpanzee, which possesses many singular traits of character. The sokos often walk erect, but place the hand on the head as if to steady the body. The face is of a light yellow color, set off with whiskers and a scattery beard. the background of the great dog mouth; the teeth are slightly human, but the canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the ingers, are like those of the natives. The fiesh of the feet is yellow, and the eagerness with which the Manyuemas devour it leaves the three states and the states was the first stage. The fiesh of the feet is yellow, and the eagerness with which the Manyuemas devour it leaves the impression that earing sokos was the first stage by which they arrived at being cannibais; they say the fiesh is delicious. The soko is represented by some to be extremely knowing, successfully staiking men and women while at their work, kidnapping children and running up trees with them. He seems to be amused by the sight of the young native in his arms, but comes down when tempted by a bunch of bananas, and, as he lifts that, forost the cailed. The young soko in such a case would cling closely to the armpit of the elder. One man was cutting out honey from a tree, and naked, when a soko suddenly appeared and caught him, then let him go. Another man was hunting and missed in his attempt to stab a soko. It seized the spear and broke it, then grappled with the man, who called to his companions, "Soko has caught me." The soko bit of the ends of his fingers and escaped unharmed. The soko rarely attacks women or unarmed men. If wounded he will rush upon the bunter, seize him by the wrist, lop off the fingers and spit them out, slap the cheeks of his victim and bite without breaking the skin. He draws out a spear, but never uses it, and takes some leaves and stuffs them into his wound to stanch the blood. The natives say, "Soko is a man, and nothing bad in him." These wound to stanch the blood. The natives say, "Soko is a man, and nothing bad in him." These animals sometimes collect together and beat a rude imitation of drumming on bollow trees, and then break out into loud yells unite as harmonious as root of the native singing.

break out into foud yells white as harmonious as most of the native singling.

After penetrating westward as far as the great river Lualaba, flowing northward—which he believed to be the Nile—he returned to Ujul, reaching that station in October, 1871. He was in a dreadnit condition, utterly destitute and well-night spent. He saw no prospect of rehet. At this juncture—the dark hour before the morning—beig came from a totally unexpected quarter. We must let the great traveller tell the story in his own words.

came from a totally unexpected quarter. We must let the great traveller tell the story in his own words.

MEETING WITH STANLEY.

"When my spirits were at their lowest ebb the good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning sust came running at the top of his speed and gasped out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' and off he deried to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Eales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, &c., made me think 'Inis must be a luxurious traveller, and not one at his wits' end like me.' (28th October.) It was Henry Moreland Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the New York Herald, sent by James Gordon Bennett, Jr., at an expense of more than £4.000, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone if living, and if dead to bring home my bones. The news he had to tell 40 one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France, the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic, the election of General Grani, the death of good Lord Clarendon—my constant friend, the proof that Her Majesty's government had not forgotten me in voting £1,000 for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyuema. Appetite returned, and instead of the spare, tasteless, two means a day, late four times daily, and in a week beyan to feel strong. I am not of a demonstrative turn; as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be, but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by aff. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel extremely grateinl, and

usually reputed to be, but this disinterested andness of Mr. Bennett, so noby carried into effect
by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel extremely grateinl,
and at the same time I am a little
ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosity, Mr. Stanley has done his part with untiring energy; good judgment in the teeth of very
serious oos acles. His beipmates turned out depraved blackgüards, who, by their excesses at
Zanzibar and elsewhere, had runed their constitutions, and prepared their systems to oe fit provender for the grave. They had used up their
strength by wickedness, and were of next to no
service, but rather downdrafts and unbearable
drags to progress."

EXPLORING TANGANYIKA.

On the 16th of November Pr. Livingstone and
Mr. stanley started on an exploring expedition to
the northern end of Lake langanyika. On a previous occasion he had written from the interior
of Africa to the effect that this take poured
its waters into the Albert Nyanza Lake,
and the object of the present expedition was
to ascertain by actual observation whether the
junction really existed. The story of this trip has
already been told by Mr. Stanley, and here we
need only affind to the fact that the supposed
northern ontlet was found to be a feeder, with a
strong current, flowing linto the lake between
large, reedy, sedgy linets. The question of the
outlet once more became a problem to be solved
by exploration. Dr. Livingstone had two theories
in regard to it; one that the outlet might be a
river runing westward into the Luaina; the
other, that the wate so of the lake might find their
way out by a subterranean passage through the
caves of Western Kabogo. This question has now
been definitely settled by the discoveries of Lieutenant Cameron, an account of which was given
in the HeralD a few days ago.

"THEORETICAL DISCOVERERS."

Dr. Livingstone expressly retrained from committing humself to theeries. He datertained a

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"THEORETICAL DISCOVERES."

Dr. Livingstone expressly retrained from committing numself to theories. He entertained a very wholesome distrust of the "theoretical discoverers" who filled in the vacant map of Central Africa, as the German philosopher made up his description of the camel, "from the depths of their inner consciousness." He speaks of one bold mapmaker who stretched out Lake Nyassa some 200 miles to the northwest, and of another who made a river run up hill in the same region, and called it the "New Zambesi"—probably because the old Zambe i runs down hill. Dr. Livingstone was aminar with the whole of this region, and until he saw thes wonderful maps was not aware that he was waiking about in the middle of a deep lake and had crossed a river that set the

and until he saw thes; wonderful haps was hot a deep take and had crossed a river that set the laws of gravitation at demance.

FARTING WITH MR. STANLEY.

As the time of separation drew hear Mr. Stanley endeavored to persuade Dr. Levingstone to visit home before undertaking another journey. He writes in his journal:—"MR. Stanley used some very strong arguments in favor of my going home, recruiting my strength, getting artificial teeth, and then returning to finish my task; but my judgment said, 'all your triends will wish you to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile before you reare.' My daughter Agnes says, 'Much as I wish jou to come home, I would rather that you finished your work to your own satisfaction than return merely to gradiy me.' Rightly and nobly said, my darling Nannie. Vanity whispers pretty loudly. 'She is a chip of the old block.' My blessing on her and all the rest."

rest."

It was his ardent wish to test the correctness of a theory which be had formed, from information obtained through his own explorations or gleaned from wandering tracers, in regard to the sources of the Nile. He had heard of a great mound or watershed to the west of Lake Bangweolo, from which sprang four gusting fountains, each of which, at no great distance, became a large river, two of them flowing northward and forming the Lualada, the other two flowing Southward; and he supposed that the former might be the fountains of the Nile. Mentioned to Herodotine by the secretary of Minerva, in Sais. At any rate, he decemed them worthy of discovery, and they were the goal of his last journey. He purposed to go round the southern end of fanganyika, and across the Chamberd, and around along the southern shore of Bangweolo; thence due west to the supposed region of the another fountains. But the first hing was to obtain supplies and men, and hearing that some of the goods sent from Zanzhar were lying at Taboro, an Arao trading station in Unyanyembe, east of Tanganyika, he accompanied Mr. Stanley so lar on his way home. They then parted. The separation, which must have been keenly painful to the old explorer, is thus simply recorded in his journat: it was his ardent wish to test the correctness of

journat:-

the New York Henald, and despatch No. 3 to Lord Granville."

"It'm March.—Mr. Stanley leaves. I commit to his care my journal, scaled with five scale. The impressions on them are those of an American gold coin, anna and haif aona, and case of paint, with royal arms. Positively not to be opened."

THE LAST JOURNEY.

Livingstone was to wait in Unyanyemoe till Mr.
Stanley could send him from the coast a party of
carriers and some additional sapplies. Meantime
he occupied himself in writing, calculations, mans

Stanley could seno him from the coast a party of carriers and some additional sapplies. Meantime he occupied himself in writing, calculations, mans and other kinds of preparations for the long journey before himself in writing, calculations, mans and other kinds of preparations for the long journey before himself and profit of the country has been also been also for a size and the last coast slave trade. I pray for a biessing on it from the Ali Gracious. The concluding words of this letter are as follows:—"All I can add in my loneliness is, may heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world." It was felt that nothing could more aptly represent the man than this earnest aspiration, and, consequently, these words have been inscribed upon the tablet erected to his memory hear his grave in Westminster Abbey.

At length, on the lattic of August, flity-seven men arrived who had been sent forward by Mr. Stanley, and these with as little delay as possible. Dr. Livingstone set out on his last journey. The march was painful and exhausting. Soon after leaving Unyanyembe he was attacked by an old chronic disease, that occasioned great loss of blood. He was ochged to cross the highlands near Lake Tanganyika on foot, for fear of killing his doney, and partly because he left the heat of the sun more when riding than when waiking. But the nardest part of the journey was encountered on the shores of lake Bangweolo. The whole country was so flooded as to resemble a vast shallow lake. It rained almost incessantly. The native cances are so bady constructed that they would not live an hour on the take it there was any wind, and he was obliged to wade from morning till night day after day, with no decent shelter when darkness set in. The country was deserted and desolate. There was no game in the woods, and whenever he approached a native village the inhabitualis, mistaking him for a slave hunter, concealed their stores of food and fied in terror. Several ti

mistaking him for a siave hunter, concealed their stores of food and fied in terror. Several times he was misdirected by pretended guines, and no one instance wandered about for a whole fortuight without being able to discover where he was or in what direction to go.

These learnil hardships soon began to tell with fatial force upon a constitution already weakened by disease and exposure. His strength failed rapidly. On the 19th of April he wrote:—"I am excessively weak, and but for the donkey could not move a nundred yards. It is not an pleasure, this exploration. " * No observations now, owing to great weakness. I can scarcely hold my pencil, and my stick is a burden." From this time he was unable to do more than make the snortest memoranda, and to mark on the map he was making the streams he crossed. From the 22d to the 27th of April he had not strength to write down anything but the several dates. On the 21st he wrote:—"Fried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to die—exhausted." His two latthrid and intelligent servants, Susi and Chuma, to whom the world is indebted for its knowledge of the last days of the great explorer, say that on this morning Dr. Livingstone tried in he was trong enough to ince on great explorer, say that on this morning Dr. Liv-ingstone tried if he was strong enough to ride on ingstone tried if he was strong enough to rice on the donkey, but he had only gone a short distance when he lell to the ground utterly exhausted and laint. Sust immediately undid his belt and pistol, and picked up his cap, which had dropped off, while Chuma threw down his gun and ran to stop the men on ahead. When he got back the Doctor said, "Summa, I nave lost so much blood, there is no more strength left in my legs; you must carry me," He was then assisted gently to Chuma's shoulders, and, holding the man's head to steady nimseli, was borne back to the village and placed in the hut he had so recently loft.

to the village and placed in the hut he had so recently loit.

His servants say that the next day they saw that his strength was becoming less and less, and in order to carry him they made a kitanda of wood, consisting of two side pleces of seven leet in length, crossed with rails three leet long and about four inches apart, the whole lashed strongly together. This trame work was covered with grass and a blanket laid on it. Slung from a pole, and borne between two strong men, it made a tolerable palanquin, and on this the exhausted traveller was conveyed to the next willage through a flooded grass plath. To render the kitanda more

and borne between two strong men, it makes tolerable palanquin, and on this the exhausted travelier was conveyed to the next viliage through a flooded grass plant. To render the kitanda more comfortable another blanket was suspended across the pole, so as to hang down on either side and allow the air to pass under while the sun's rays were lended of from the sick man.

They continued to advance, by slow and short marches, through the nooded, treeless wastes, some days not accomplishing more than an nour's march, owing to the explorer's great prostration. On the 27th ne seems to have been in a dying condition, and his strength must have been taxed to the utmost to write this, his last entry in his diary:—"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milich goats. We are on the banks of the Moilamo."

His strength was now at its very lowest ebb. Chuma, one of his bearers on these last, weary miles, says that they were every now and then implored to stop and place their burden on the ground. So great were the pangs of his disease during this day that he could make no attempt to stand, and il hitted for a few yards a drowsiness came over him, which alarmed them all excessively. On the 29th they reached Chitambo's village, in Ilaia, on the southern shore of Lake Bangweolo, and laid him in a kut on a native bed, raised from the floor by sticks and grass. Beside the bed was placed a box, on which the medicine does, and so y slept just within to attempt to his master's wants in the night. The night passed quietly. The next day Dr. Livingstonewas obliged to defer a visit from Chitambo thil the morrow, which he was never to see. In the atternou he wiked sust to bring his waten to the bedside, and explained to him the position in which to hold his hand while he slowly turned the key.

LAST SCENE OF ALL.

LAST SCENE OF ALL.

So the hours stole on till nightfall. The men sliently took to their huts, while others, whose duty it was to keep watch, sat round the fires, all feeling that the end could not be far off. About eleven P. M. Sust, whose hut was close by, was told to go to his master. At the time there were loud shouts in the distance, and, on entering, Dr. Living-stone said. "Are our men making that

told to go to his impater. At the time there were loud shouts in the distance, and, on entering, Dr. Livingstone said, "Are our men making that noise?" "No," replied Susi. "I can hear room the cries that the people are scaring away a buffalo from their dura fields." A sew minutes afterward he said slowly, and evidently wandering, "Is this the Luapula?" A few seconds after he asked how many days it was to that river, and, on receiving a reply, signed, as if in great pain, "On foceiving a reply, signed, as if in great pain, "On, dear," He then fell into a doze.

About an hour afterward Susi heard the boy Majwara calling him. On reaching the bed ne was asked to bring some hot water and the medicine chest, and to hold the candle near, as the Doctor's sight was nearly gone. With great difficulty Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told Susi to place by his side; then, directing him to pour a little water into a cup and to put another empty one by it, he said, in a low leeble voice, "All right; you can go out now." These were the last words he was ever heard to speak.

About lour o'clock in the morning Susi heard Majwara's voice once more. "Come to Bwana, I am arraid; I don't know if he is alive." Susi called Cauma and four other men, and they entered the but together. Br. Livingstone was kneeling beside the bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pliny. Pointing to him, Majwara said:—"When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead." They asked the lad how long he had slept Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time. The men drew heater. For a minute they watched him. Then one of them, advancing sofily, put his hand to his check. The body was almost cold. The great explorer was dead. It was not long before the cooks crew and the morning of the lst of May downed.

dawhed.

The servants were in a position of peculiar dimensity. All Africans have such a horror or the dead that they shrink from touching a corpse; yet these faithful men not only took upon themselves the task of embalming the body or their late master, but of carrying it back to the coast opposite Zanzbar, where it could be surrendered to his countrymen. With an intelligence rarely found in people of their class they gathered up every scrap of his journais and maps and all his instruments, and carried them, with the dead body, turough dreary regions of forest and morass, ever mountains and across rivers, down to the distinct coast. Theirs was a truly beroic deed, and one that will tains and across rivers, down to the distant coast. Theirs was a truly heroic deed, and one that will never be lorgotten. It is not pleasant to learn that on their arrival at Zanzhoar they were coldly treated by the insolent British officials, and not even allowed to accompany the remains of their beloved master on board the sing that conveyed the body home. But for their fidelity and bravery the world would have lost these memorials of a great map, and his body would have been left to decay in an African swamp instead of resting in Westminster Abbey. Surely those with whom he spent his last years, and to which science is so much indebted, should not be allowed to pass away unrewarded.

much indebted, should not be allowed to pass away unrewarded.

We have allowed to Dr. Livingstone's detestation of the sinve trade and of his eforts to have it suppressed. It was his revelations that brought about Sir Bartie Frere's treaty with the Suitan of Zanzibar, and he has thoroughly sympathized with the object of Sir Samuel Baker's expedition into Central Airica. Words fall to paint the horrors which attend the capture of hegrees in their native viriages and their dreadful march to the coast. Hundreds and thousands perial by the way, those who lair exhausted being generally kined by their exaspeinted captors, or, left, with the heavy slave sinck about their neck, to die of starvation. Vast regions of country have oeen the heavy stave stick about their neck, to starvation. Vast regions of country have laid waste by fire and sword—the people kill driven down toward the coast, and the land appulous and fourishing, becomes a drive, under date of June 19, 1898, Living writes:—"We passed a woman tied by the na tree and dead. The people of the country plained that she had been unable to keep in the other slaves in a gang, and her maste determined that she should not become the city of any one cist is he recovered after no determined that she should not become the erry of any one class if she recovered after refor a time. I may mention nere that we others used up in a similar manner and one in the pain shot or stabbed, for she was in a of blood. The explanation we got invariably that the Arap was owned.

other side, looking on; they said an Arab who passed early that morning had done it in anger at losing the price he had given for her, because she was unable to walk any longer." The next day they came upon a man who had died of starvation. One of the party wandered a little distance and found a number of siaves, with slave sticks on, abandoned by their master from want of food; they were too weak to be able to speak or say where they had come from; some were quite young. Br. Livingstone believed that the only effectual remedy for the slave trade was the annexation of Central Africa to Egypt and the development of legitimate commerce in native products.

Of the captives who survive the long march many die of nome-sickness and longing for hoerty—hieraily of a broken heart. They sometimes dances and sing in captivity; but not in mirthainless. One day, Dr. Livingstone writes, he passed six men slaves, who were "singing as if

times dance, and sing in captivity; but not in miritanihess. One day, Dr. Livingstone writes, he passed six men slaves, who were "singing as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the slave-sticks. I asked the cause of their mirth, and was told that they rejoiced at the idea of coming back after death and haunting and klining those who had sold them." Some of the words I had to inquire about; for instance, the meaning of the words to haunt and kill by spirit power; then it was, 'Oh, you sent me off to Alasga (seacoast), but the yoke is off when I die, and back I shall come to haunt and to kill you." Then all joined in the chorus, which was the name of each vender. It told not of fun, but of the bitterness and tears of such as were oppressed."

APRICAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Dr. Livingstone's journals do not contain much that is new concerning negro character; but here are a lew aneedoces relating to some superstitions current among them which we do not remember to have met with before:—

If a child cuts the upper front teeth before the lower it is kined as unbucky; this is a widespread superstation. When I was among the Makonoio in Isso one of Sekelétu's wives would not allow her servands child to be killed for this; but few would

If a child cuts the upper front teeth before the lower it is kined as unducky; this is a widespread superstation. When I was among the Makololo in 1859 one of Sekelétu's wives would not allow her servant's child to be kilied for this; but few would have the courage to act in opposition to public leeting as she did. In Casembe's country if a child is seen to turn from one side to the other in sleep it is kilied. They say of any child who has what they consider these defects "ne is an Arab child," because the Arabs have none of this class of superstitions, and should any Arab be near they give the child to him; it would bring ill luck, misortunes, "milando" or guilt to the lamily. These superstitions may account for the readiness with which one tribe parted with their calidren to Speke's followers. Mohammed says that these children must have been taken in war, as none sell their own offspring.

If Casembe dreams of any man twice or three times he puts the man to death, as one who is practising secret arts against his life; if any one is pounding or cooking lood for him he must preserve the strictest slience; these and other luings show extreme superstition and degradation.

The people of katanga are afraid to dig for the gold in their country, tecause they believe that it has been hidden where it is by "Myolu," who is the owner of it. The Arabs translate Ngolu by Satan—it means Mézimo, or departed spirits, too, it he cases with the small Whydah birds, the lear of death in the minds of the people save them from molestation.

the case with the small Whydah birds, the lear of death in the minds of the people save them from molestation.

Some Arabs believe that a serpent on one of the islands in the Nyanza Lake has the power of speaking, and is the same that begulied Eve. It is a crime at tijl to kill a serpent, even though it enters a house and kills a kid!

THE TYPICAL NEGRO.

In the healthul uplands around Lake Moero Livingstone fell in with a very landsome race of negroes. "Many of the men," he writes, "have as beautiful heads as one could find in an assembly of Europeans. All have very fine forms, with small hands and feet. None of the West Coast uginess, from which most of our ideas of the negroes are derived, is here to be seen. No prognathous jaws or lark beels offended the sight. My observations deepened the impression first obtained from the remarks of Winwood Reade that the typical negro is seen in the ancient Egyptian, and not in the ungainly forms which grow up in the unhealthy swamps of the West Coast. Indeed it is probable that this upland forest region is the grue nome of the negro. The women excited the admiration of the Arabs. They have fine, small, well formed leatures; their great defect is one of fashion, which does not extend to the next tribe; they file their teeth to points, the hussies, and that makes their smill like that of the crocodile."

Here we must take cave of this very interesting work. It is well edited, prousely llustrated, mainly from Livingstone's own sketches, and is funished with two excellent maps. The work cannot fail to have an immense circulation, it deserves to have a place in every library.

TALKS ABOUT NEW BOOKS

THE WILDS OF LONDON.

"I have not read so entertaining a book as this in a long while," said Miss Rachel, with a copy of the "Wilds of London" (Scribner, Welford and Armstrong) in her hand.

Mrs. Nonton—it is the more interesting from the fact that it is all true. I had no idea that so much misery could exist in a city like London.

The Docror-It is said that there is more abject poverty and crime in London than in any city in the world, although, seeing so much of that sort of thing as I do in New York, it is hard to imagine that it can be worse anywhere else than it is here. Mrs. NORTON—If the English people have been as much excited over the revelations in this book as

I have Mr. Greenwood has not written in vain. Miss Rachel-Could anything be more trightful than the scenes at Tiger Bay ? Such debased men and women, soaked in gin, robbing, swearing, dancing! I don't wonder that Mr. Greenwood calls the women tigers—they certainly are not human beings.

The Doctor-I guess we could find as bad as Broadway that is not far behind it.

FRED-That memorable night on which I made the rounds of the dens of this city with a deteccould seel nothing but pity for the "pretty waiter girls," they seemed so very sad, and only laughed and joked because the proprietor's eye was upon them. Very poor fun that sort of life. Nearly all of the poor creatures told me that it was nothin but drink that kept them going. They were an awful looking set. I saw but one with the slightest claim to prettiness, and she looked so much like a young lady I know that it almost made me sick to look at her. The others were miserable hags, all skin and bone and powder and paint.

Miss RACHEL-You are not the only person who has made the rounds of such places. I know of a lady who dressed as a lad and went through most of these places in London described by Mr. Greenwood, accompanied by a detective. She came very near being found out, too, by a tipsy tigress, who whispered in her ear, "You can't fool me, my pretty lady." The officer told her to "anut up her nonsense," She obeyed him, but was not deceived by the boy's clothes.

The Docron-Rather a dangerous game that; but of course the lady was moved by something more than idle curiosity. FRED-The concert saloons of London are no

culiar institutions of that city. They must be frightfully stupid. You could not amuse American with such stale wit and silly songs. FELICIA-I cannot understand that finen business. It seems a queer taste for "toughs" to

fancy birds; buildogs are much more appropriate, It seems to me.

FRED-They Keep both. Strange to say the ame men who keep dogs for rat fighting keep finches for singing matches.

Miss RACHEL-Sunday must be an awful day with the very poor-those out of work, with no prospect of getting any. It is not to be wondered at that they carouse all day long.

FELICIA—The prisons described in the chapter

called "Three Years of Penal Servitude" are not as well kept, according to that account, as ours at Bisckwell's Island. I visited the Island once and was surprised at the kind manner of the officers with the prisoners. Mrs. Norton—I think such a place as Jack

Ketch's Warren is a disgrace to the citizens of London. No such foul allegs as those of that region would be allowed in New York. Four hundred persons living up one court and only one cistern for them all! Just imagine fifty-six miserable lamilies living in one house, almost without light and air, and in an aliey where the scavenger gan seldom appears and where the cholera runs riot! It is not strange that thirteen children were buried from that vile hole in one afternoon FRED-One of the strangest stories in the book

is about funeral orgies. I have seen funerals in this country waich seemed more like picnics, but the drinking and carrying on described here excee. our picnic reveiries. I can imagine no more horrible sight than to see undertakers in long crape weepers passing gin and beer into the mourners' coaches.

The Doctor-Johnson's Retreat is the worst

place described in the book. To think of a man peing so deprayed that he would seep a dark garden for the resort of victous girls and boys!

Miss Rachet-The chapter "With a Night Cabman" is good, and shows that Mr. Greenwood is a fact on unselfish man that old cabuy was!

The Doctor-The economy practised by some of those miserable creatures in avoiding marriages on account of the expense reminds me of what an old colored woman once toll me. .. We poor soldiers' widows can't afford to get married," said she, "because if we do we forfeit our pensions. So if we want another man we take him, but don't have any wedding, and so we keep our pensions,

for they can't prove us married." "How can there be anything but poverty," continued the Doctor, "in a country where so many men can earn but a few pennies for a hard day's work, and where wealth is so unequally divided as in England?"

IN HONOR ROUND.

Miss RACHEL-Felicia, have you read Gibbon's "In Honor Bound?" (Harper Brothers.) FELICIA-I have just finished it and think it a

very pretty and pathetic story. Miss RACHEL-Don't you think that Grace is rather too angelic a character? It does not seem to me that if I loved a man very much, that is, enough to marry him, that I could surrender him to another girl so readily and keep good friends with him and her after having been brought up in

FELICIA-I could not have acted in that over generous way, but then my name is not Grace; perhaps her name had something to do with her character. It seems to me that if I had been the other one, Teenie Thorston, that I would have felt a little uncomfortable about accepting a man who was resigned in my favor. But there is no teiling what a person in love will do.

Miss Rachel-Walter Burnett did appear rather in the light of a shuttlecock. A good fellow, who would have been very lovable as a brother, but not quite strong enough for a husband.

FELICIA-I cannot understand how he could have neard his father telling Teenie that he (Walter) believed her to be an heiress when he became en spot. It might have saved a world of trouble. It does not seem manly to me for a man to allow himself to appear in so laise a light from a little

Miss Rachel-That was very weak in Walter but it was in keeping with his whole course of life. FELICIA-Although Teenie is the best character in the story and a splendid girl, I think that Walter, as the Laird's son, was foolish to have fallen in love with her. Such unequal matches are nearly always unhappy. In a case of this kind the husband, without knowing it, feels that he is held down by his wife, and she, poor thing, feels that she is out a milistone about his neck.

Miss Rachel-Poor Teenie, although she was a much stronger character than Walter, she was read to her. Blair's sermons must have been very dry reading for a woman whose whole life had een one of adventure.

FELICIA-I cannot see why ministers' wives are upposed to be born Sanday school teachers; Teenie knew more about the sea and the manage ment of boats than she did about the catechism and the management of children.

Miss RACHEL-The only wonder to me is that Teenle was not more lealous of Grace: it was not very pleasant for the wife to overnear her husing it I am neither in word nor heart disloyal to Perhaps he was not, which was true enough, but it was hard for Teenie to bear at the time; she telt her inferiority to Grace most keenly, and knowing that Walter might have married her and been rich, as his father desired. FELICIA-Have you ever noticed that in English

stories a man is always expected to marry a rich girl to pay his debts and set his family on their feet ? An American, if he was an honorable fellow and wanted money, would pull off his coat and go to work and earn it. Miss RACHEL-it is very funny; but the best of

them seem to do it. It is just as common in Eng-land for a man as it is here for a woman to marry FELICIA-True: but there is more excuse for the

woman. She has not so many ways of making money open to her as a man has. A woman car only make money by her talent, while a man may be a periect fool and yet make a fortune. But to return to the story. I cannot see why Waiter's conscience should have pricked him for not having married Grace when he really loved Teenie the

Miss RACHEL-It was only because he was ten der-hearted and a weaking. Although his wife loved Grace it must have been very bitter to her for Walter to have deferred so much to Grace's FELICIA-The old song says that "'tis good to

be off with the old love before you are on with the new," and I guess that is about the truth, although

in this case both of the loves were so amiable that there was not much harm done. Miss Rachel.-Teenie was a very natural character in all but the very short and mild fit of jealousy

with which she was seized. Walter makes the ending very commonplace. It would have been much better to have killed Grace

and that Walter and Teenie should have scattered flowers over per grave. Miss RACHEL-There are many characters in the

book that are very interesting. Skipper Dan. the old Laird, who was not so pad in the main : Habbie Gowk, Maysie and others are excellent sketches. EDITH'S MISTAKE.

"Rachel," said Felicia, bending over a basket of worsted, "I am very anxious to get these slippers worked, and, as you have not got anything in particular to do, suppose you sit down here and tell me about that book, "Edith's Mistake" (J. B. Lippincott & Co.), that you have been reading." MISS RACHEL-AS I feel in a rather lazy, after

dinner sort of humor, I accept your very kind proposition. But, as this sola is very comfortable you must not be surprised if I happen to drop of in a gentle doze. Well, to begin with, there live a family of Lockharts in the mountains of Virginia, among whom was a daugater, Florence, a nice, amiable girl, who is engaged to Frank Mun cair, "a man of the world," so the author repeatedly tells us. Edith, the mistaken one, is a cousin of Florence, and a girl who had "an infidel for a father, a schoolmistress for a mother and a French capping of the climax." She lived with her father and brother in New Orleans, in which city, by the way, lives Frank Muncair, the lover of Florence, He hears of Edith as a beautiful, brilliant woman, but has taken a prejudice against her and avoids her society for a long time. At last they meet, and as usually follows in such

cases, are drawn into a little firtation. But he being a man of the world, and she being a woman of the world, they meant nothing by it. Edith did fall in love with him, but then had she not been in love many times before? Still Frank was truly in love with Florence, yet he enjoyed flirting with Edith. Finally Florence, who was not woman of the world, discovered the passage at arms between her lover and her cousin, becomes indignant and casts Frank out of her heart. He explains that he is only having a firtation, which Edith thoroughly derstands, but Florence is determined and will not hear him. Then Frank, in a pet, engages himself to Edith, although joving Florence more. then his engagement with Edith is broken, and he makes his peace with Florence and they are to be married. Edith gets wind of it, goes to the house on the evening of the wedding, sends for Frank to come into the garden, he obeys, and she stabs him with a jewelled dagger, leaves him for dead, runs home, flies up to her room, bolts the door, looks out of the window, sees a policeman standing in front of the house watching a party of men going up the walk. The men are serenaders but she thinks they have come to arrest her, and she plunges the dauger into her neart and dies. FELICIA -That sounds rather melodramatic, does

Miss RACHEL-Yes, it does, but notwithstand-

ing the story is very natural and is quite witty at times. There is a very funny scene where Edith lassoes a pompous old lady with a skipping rope. The conversations are very bright, and there are a great many characters of more or less importance scattered through the book, some of them very micely drawn. Edith, though passionate and willul, had many good points, and had she not been "left to herselt" so entirely or with only bad fate than to be Dr. Ollivant's wife, although she influences she would have been a spiendid girl.

FELICIA-Your narrative has only whetled my appetite, and I shall have to read the story for

Miss Rachel-And I will take that threatened

A NEW BRIC-A-BRAC VOLUME The Docron-Mr. Stoddard has had a delicate task in boiling down three volumes of Greville

Memoirs to one of Scribner, Armstrong & Co.'s "Bric-h-Brac" volumes. But he has done it well, Acting on the suggestion of the HERALD, no doubt, all the rather tiresome political talk has been weeded out, and the reader may begin at the first page and read to the last without saipping.

The Professor (the Doctor's chum at college

and intimate iriend of the family)-I have read nothing in a long time as interesting as this volume and am not surprised that it created such a sensation in England, where the dramatis per-sonce are so much better known than they are here. Some of these persons were hving when we were boys, Doctor. It makes me feel very old to be able to recollect so far back.

Miss Rachel-It seems to me that if I had been man, with Greville's surroundings and opportunities, I would not have escaped being great so cleverly as ne did.

The Docton-Greville was no politician, at least he took no active part in politics. He hung upon the outer edge of public life and surveyed the strifes and troubles of those above him and ne doubt congratulated himself upon being out of the contest. I imagine that he was an easy-going sort of a man who believed in letting well enough

Miss Rachel-He has drawn the line between the too matter-of-fact and the too gossiping with much skill. It is surprising that a man who spent so much time at two such courts as those of George IV. and William IV. does not season his journal with more small talk and scandal. It would have the time he laid down the pen.

FRED-That would have made Rome howl, as he is a chronic grumbler and spares no one.

The Professor-I think that Mr. Greville was often very much disgusted with his associates, and would have been glad to have cut the lot had they not become part of his life. With all his growling he seldom comes out flatfooted with an expression of opinion. He tells what others say, snrugs his shoulders and insinuates.

The Doctor-Greville paints a strong portrait with a few pen strokes. I have gotten a better idea of England's three last rulers from this book than I ever had before.

FELICIA-I always knew that George IV, was an odious wretch, but I did not realize how small as well as bad he was until I read this book.

FRED-It strikes me that the Duchess of York was a very strange woman. The idea of a lady allowing her guests to pay for her portrait, not to mention the bad taste of keeping forty dogs, besides parrots, for her personal gratification.

Miss RACHEL-One does not get a very exalted idea of royalty and the nobility from this book. I think the commoners were much more luteresting than the aristocracy. Fortunately times have changed since Mr. Greville began writing, although but a few years ago.

**FRED—He is rather severe on the "gentle Irving."

says he "wants sprigatilness and more refined manners." One has to go from home to learn the truth about one's Irlends. Miss Rachel-What a miserable man was Byron

with all his talents. Nothing ever reconciled him to that lame foot, which was to him such a deformity while others scarcely noticed it. He had no idea of enjoyment, says Greville, "all with him was riot and debauchery and rage and despair." The Docron-George IV. is the only man I ever heard of who was not spoken of kindly after nu

all his vices, folites and misdeeds faid bare before the public. It was only by contrast that William IV. was tolerable. This latter monarch is one of the bad persons Greville speaks his mind about, and he does not hesitate to call him an ass. FRED-If His Royal Highness had not have been

death. He was scarcely cold before the press had

half cracked, his going about the city incog. would not have been a oad idea; as it was it proved very disastrous.
*Miss Rachel—Greville's opinion of the Duke of

Wellington is quite like mine. He does not rank him among the gods.

FELICIA-Do you see what he says about Ellen Tree, who used to be such a favorite in this country? That she gave promise of greatness in her youth; but when she arrived at years of maturity lost her good looks and became a tiresome, sec

FRED-The friendship between the French King Louis XVIII. and Mme. du Cayla was rather

MISS RACHEL-Yes: It is the only case of purely platonic affection that is recorded in the annals of the French kings, I imagine. The Doctor-Tney had rare times at that Hol-

land House. Wit and wisdom were the daily food of its inmates and their guests. FELICIA-I wonder if all the sayings and doing of the people who visited the Cary sisters and o

those who now frequent the drawing rooms of some of our littérateurs would not make an inter esting Bric-A-Brac volume? Miss Rachel.—Mrs. K.——, the mother of the distinguished Miss K.——, keeps a record of all the witty and wise sayings of her many clever

visitors. She showed me the book once and it was very amusing. I sear, however, that want of time will prevent her keeping it up. FELICIA-Victoria showed a great deal of dignity in taking the royal sceptre. She was such a shy

surprised when she began her career with se much spirit, showing a better appreciation of her responsibilities than either George or William. LOST FOR LOVE.

Princia-Don't you think that Miss Braddon to improving? Here is her last novel, "Lost for Love'' (Harper & Bros.), which has none of those sensational qualities that are attributed to it

Miss Bacupy-"Lost for Love" is a very good story; but I don't see exactly how the title applies. "Saved by Love" would be more like it. The plot is skilfully worked out and the character drawing is excellent. I am surprised as well as pleased to notice this change in Miss Braddon's style. FELICIA-How much I dislike a man like Dr. Olli-

vant!-cold, selfish and unlovable generally. He is just the sort of man who picks out a sweet, pretty young girl for his wife, and then goes scowling through the world because she refuses him. Of course Fiora fell in love with Walter Leyburne at first sight. His long, light hair, velver coat and sunny smile, not to mention the port folio of sketches, won her over at once. How much more winning were his open-hearted, frank manners than the Doctor's sour face and mo

MISS RACHEL-Flora was not the right one for Leyburne after ail, nice girl as she was. The beauthui Louisa, wild, passionate, intelligent, though poor and living in a back street, was better suited to his artistic nature.

FELICIA-How very natural that was for Louise to come back after buying her ticket and getting aboard the boat for Australia. It is easy enough to think you will run away from home while wrought up to the hignest pitch with temper and a sense of injustice done you, but when it comes to the point, come what may, there's no place like home. Do you remember our youthful effort

in that line? MISS RACHEL-Indeed, I do; even with the pros pect of being sent supperless to bed, we were glad

FELICIA-Flora develops unexpectedly after her marriage to Dr. Ollivant. It seems to me that she took the news of Walter's death very coolly; but when she believed that her husband had murdered

him she came out pretty strong.

Miss Rachel—As Waiter was engaged to Flora at the time of the Doctor's attack, he showed a very easy-going disposition after his recovery not to look her up. FELICIA-You forget that Louisa had nursed him

all through his filbess, and that he was very glad to let Flora drop and marry the woman he always loved. His engagement to Flora was more from a

Miss RACHEL-Poor Flora! She deserved a betree